

THE GAMESTER.

By SCOTT CAMPBELL.

AUTHOR OF "MARGIE'S VENGEANCE," "GREEN GOODS," "HELD FOR TRIAL," "THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Scene—a richly furnished gambling house. Nate Godard, a half drunken gambler, has lost his all and is refused a loan by Cecil Kendall, a young aristocrat, who, losing heavily, is so ruined with his ill-luck by Godard, that with a cry of "Put him out!" Kendall leaps angrily from the card-table. Moses Flood, the proprietor, enters room. A young man is lying in a drunken sleep on the sofa.

The scene reverts to Grange Park, an hour or two earlier, the home of Rev. Leon and Royal, an aged father, his beautiful daughter, Medora, and their son, Harry, a young man of high birth. With Moses Flood, the gamester, a man of magnificent physical and intellectual power, faultless in dress and deportment—a man of strange duality. "My communication will not be an agreeable one," says the rector; "I cannot forget the events of the past year."

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Make yourself easy, Mr. Royal; my time and patience are both at your disposal," answered the other, in a deep, considerate tone, as richly melodious as soft music, completely filling the small apartment; but, save just the slightest bow, the rector did not move, nor did his recessional come near, even though he may have divined what was coming, in the least degree.

"I cannot forget," continued the reverend gentleman, with thoughtful sadness, "the many noble qualities of your nature, which, during our year's acquaintance, have come somewhat within my limited observation. I cannot forget the many thoughtful personal attentions received at your hands, and which have won me your confidence. No man could I forget who I might have been if the poor of my humble parish owe to you princely generosity—a generosity as modest and unassuming as it has appeared graceful and godly. It is painful to me, beyond expression, when I realize how terribly I have been deceived."

"You feel that you have been deceived, then?" The rector's tone and manner did not vary an iota.

"How can I feel easier? Mr. Flood. I have told you something of my life, and the affliction that has come over me since the loss of my manhood's prime. That affliction has been somewhat softened by the children upon whom I have bestowed so much tenderness and care. They are now in their early maturity, and, indeed, their future is my soulful concern. Of my daughter I cannot speak now. Of my son Harry, who for the past two years has been much absent from me, in the pursuit of his collegiate work, my discovery of the day before yesterday has caused me a sharp pang of pain."

"It is well that I may now—break his heart—alleviate his spirit, to know that he were other than the noble, virtuous man which, from my careful calculations, I might reasonably expect. But I cannot forget," continued the rector, controlling his tremor, "that you, my son, have introduced me to the world, who introduced you beneath this roof a year ago; and only at this late day, when regarding you with singular tenderness, I have had imagined the depth of your feelings. Indeed, I am sorry for you. Mr. Kendall desired it to be known."

"What? Why, Leonard!" she cried reproachfully, throwing her arms above his head. "You don't mean that you have told your master?"

"Other reasons?" inquired the gamester with an effort.

"Engaged," gasped Flood, pressing his hand about his throat, as if speech were past him.

"Aunt Ruth! Aunt Ruth!"

Medora's piteous cry and what must have been a look of fear had been interpreted by the mind steps of the boy, and in half a dozen steps she had, and azile lad had reached and opened the door.

"How are they coming, Kendall?" he asked.

"They are coming," he replied, "but you have told Doctor Godard."

"No; no; she overheard," he answered abashedly.

"She is well; she is well, however."

"Aunt Ruth! Aunt Ruth!"

The gamester's eyes fixed upon Kendall, who seemed again to have become faintly brighter, with the glow of a spirit which his sense of injustice done had suddenly inspired! He had a moment of intense pleasure, and then, with a smile, turned to the door.

"Come in, come in," he said, in tones tremulous with sympathy. "My precious child! has it come to this? Tell me—tell me, my darling, it will ease you. Tell me all."

"Dora Royal, clasping the loved woman about the knees, answered through sobs, "I am a woman who gives to marriage its divine value."

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DIDN'T SEE A BEAN,

What Col. Delman Saw on His Recent Visit to Boston.

Col. P. R. Dolman, delegate from Montana to the national convention of the G.A.R., held in Boston, said an Anasconda Standard reporter on his return:

"I had a great time, said the colonel. "The naval engagement in Boston harbor last Saturday was of itself worth going from Montana to Boston to see. There were 400,000 strangers in Boston. The parade was immense. There were between 42,000 and 43,000 old veterans in line, and if a Helena man had counted them there would have been 45,000. It is line in it is a mistake to have them counted at all."

" Didn't see a bean?" the colonel was asked.

" Didn't see a bean, or, at any rate, only a few raw ones that were spilled on the sidewalk, as a bar a man was carrying."

" What do you think of the political situation?"

" I don't think," said the colonel, and he walked off.

Boston Weekly Globe.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1890.

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"In every act consciously and devoutly done for God's sake God gives himself to the soul and feeds it, in the act; not after it, but IN IT."—Phillips Brooks.

TO CIGAR AND THE SMALL BOY.

One of the most amusing features of Labor day in New York was the fun enjoyed by the boys with the police. The following legislative bill first became operative on that day through a resolution of the Board of Aldermen:

No child actually or apparently under 16 years of age shall smoke or in any way use any cigar, cigarette, or tobacco in any form whatever in any public place, place or room where the same may be smoked.

The tricks resorted to by the boys to foil the police and their bandyings with the provoked but half-amused "Bilbies" in choice Bowery slums, as reported in the New York papers, afford an amusing complement upon the folly of attempting to do so much by legislation.

One of the most lamentable of sights on the streets is a young lad smoking. But the custom that obtains in European cities seems more sensible than heedless and impractical statutes of this kind. Every citizen constitutes himself a committee of one, whenever he sees a small boy with a cigar in his mouth, to snatch it at sight and fling it into the street, and public opinion uniformly sustains him.

When shall we get over the delusion in this country that all that is necessary to suppress unfortunate personal habits is to enact a prohibitory statute? Perhaps not, in this case, till children of a larger growth are willing to practice the self-denial of not offering to imitative youth the bad example of smoking on the streets.

WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS AND THE CITY OWES.

The New England farming problem is one to which attaches a melancholy interest. The unpleasant truth is now generally acknowledged that the agricultural industry in this section is not what it used to be, and the man who by tillage of the soil can make his acres bring him out even with the world at the end of each year is regarded as the fortunate exception to a most discouraging rule.

To explain and account for this state of things, a number of reasons have been given. The tariff is one. Unequal competition with the great and fertile West is another. There is force in these. Undoubtedly the tariff has borne heavily upon the farmer and an even worse one is threatened. Without question the magnitude of agricultural operations in the West, and the cheapness with which its products can be delivered in Eastern markets, have made the struggle harder. There is, however, something else. It may be the result of proclamation that, however inimical and real all these things may seem to us in the passing, the only reality is the thought that fashions, the genius that inspires, the idea that perpetually survives? This the tribute we are paying today to the memory of JOHN ERICSON.

In ERICSON's case it was not that he was once a candidate for the first official post of the country, nor that he took a conspicuously part in the suppression of the rebellion, but it was the idea that he had in years gone by forced the long inaccessible passes of the Rocky mountains. That was the vital fact which stamped his fame so deeply in the recognition of his age and will extend it postmortem. So WHITNEY with his cotton-gin invention that opened untold possibilities to agriculture, manufactures and commerce altogether, will ever live in the memory of his race in spite of the crushing combination of greedy spoilers against him, because simply of the informing thought in his fertile brain, of which our vastly increased national wealth was but the favoring sequence.

And so through all men's deeds and transactions. So nationally, and so individually. The international peace conventions meet and resolve, but science goes before and works out their inspiring idea in destructive invasions, making war a mere common slaughter, and thus bringing national disputes from sheer necessity into the court of arbitration and contending peoples into the federation of peace. It is the thought, the idea, the sentiment that governs all, though we may fail to see it and ridicule the affirmation when made. Not that the affairs of life have therefore a tendency to become less real to us, but on the contrary more and more so.

TAILOR MADE FOR FALL.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—From its earliest inception the English tailor costume has been something absolutely unique in its striking design, but perfectly fit and thorough attention to all details.

More than ever is this the case this fall, for the new models just issued have received an extra amount of consideration at the hands of artists and designers, and in consequence are distinguished by some features which will make them a thine apart from the work of the ordinary dressmaker, from the imported stock to be found in all the show parlors of the regular shawls.

A glance at the accompanying sketches will explain better than mere words can do some of the characteristics of our Redfern productions.

ROBERT G. FITCH,

THE THING THAT INSPIRES.

The United States government has sent the remains of JOHN ERICSON, one of the great inventors of the century, to the distant shores of his nativity, in a vessel specially commissioned for the purpose.

What is there in the significance of the act that first arrests the attention, and what that stimulates and feeds reflection? It is not merely the grace of national courtesy that engages the thought and satisfies the feeling. The perfect fitness of sending back to his native land the body of the great mechanical genius who revolutionized the methods of naval warfare by the unheralded construction of the little Monitor, in a naval ironclad that is the evolution of that diminutive iron craft and stupendous surprise of twenty-eight years ago, has scarcely failed to impress itself on every mind. There is something more than this, however, in this present proceeding, that means more than mere courtesy of feeling, and far more than a well-timed display of national force.

It is the sentiment that forms the core and marrow of human civilization, that flames like the red fires of a burning furnace to melt all things in a common glow.

Through all these ceremonies and shows, through the proud ostentations of power and wealth, through even the violent contentions of national forces, the spirit that informs and rules all continually declares its silent presence and asserts its supremacy. That is to be thought of over everything else whenever the pageantries and strife of modern life are going on. What else is, consider it as we will, but the steady proclamation that, however inimical and real all these things may seem to us in the passing, the only reality is the thought that fashions, the genius that inspires, the idea that perpetually survives? This the tribute we are paying today to the memory of JOHN ERICSON.

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ALBERT E. BARROWS.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

The friends who deliberately try to wreck railroad passenger trains deserve no mercy. It matters not what the motive may have been. The dastardly deed near Albany admits of no defense whatever.

The National Farmers' Congress, in session at Council Bluffs last week resolved:

"We demand that national taxation be limited to the wants of the government economically administered."

The farmers may be slow but they come along all right in time.

UNCLE SIDNEY'S VIEWS.

(James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.) I hold that the true age of wisdom is when we are boys and girls, not women and men;—when, as credulous children, we know things best.

We take them—however averse to the laws. It is *feith*, then, not science and reason, I say. That is genuine wisdom—and would that, today, we, as then, were as wise, and infallible, least, As to live, love and die, and true God for the rest!

So I simply old the notion, you know.

The wise we get as the older we grow.

For in virtue we are not born, but made.

Our own knowledge we improve.

As for the world, we improve.

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TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Boston's New Library Building.

In Immense Structure in Washington for the Congressional Library.

Then the Barber Put on Black.

(Philadelphia Times.)
He came in the barber's in such a dreadful state of nervousness that the barber locked him up.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, holding a whetstone behind him in case of any outbreak.

"I have an anointed whisper," I have just noticed my hair is turning gray."

"Oh, that's not true."

"No, but about it I'm ready, but I feel

that bad about it I'm ready to dye."

The Loss Will Not be Felt.

(Philadelphia Post.)
"Yes, there was a terrible engagement," said Mr. Green, "but it was all over so quickly in the capitol talking to a group of people. They don't have any such terrible affairs in modern times."

"We have some pretty tough engagements, though," remarked one of the listeners.

"I never hear of them."

"Look at Annie Rooney and Joe, for instance."

Wanted—A Young Man of Good Taste,

for a strong journal.

"Ethan" said his young brother, positively, "you must tell young Mr. Spriggs not to come here any more."

"Indeed," responded Ethan; "and will you tell him to go away?"

"Certainly, Ethel," was the young brother's prompt reply. "Now he has been saying for three or four days, 'I am the son of the man who built the most beautiful building in the country,' and he evidently needs a chance of diet, and Mr. Spriggs must be replaced."

A Strong Author.

(New York.)
"Skimble complains that he doesn't sleep well in the mornings now, but I think he does."

"Yes, I know, it's his book."

"His book? What do you mean?"

"He's writing a book, you know; and now he's practising walking in the morning and finding himself famous."

Yes, and Too Cold as Well.

(Washington Star.)
Husband and wife do not appear in the newspaper—Well the Senator by a vote of 31 to 15, has agreed to pay salt on the free list.

Wife (with womanly innocence and blessed ignorance)—What for, dear? Was the tree list too fresh?

Worked Only His Jaws.

(Detroit Free Press.)
Tramp—Can you give me just a little bite of something? I don't seem to have any luck having work around here.

Like a good boy, how long have you been out of work, my man?

Tramp (eating pie)—All my life, madam.

Taking the Cake.

(Chicago Post.)
"I had my little boy while dining with friends, remembered what I told him about not taking cake the second time? Little boy—Yes, mamma, I remembered, and took two pieces the first time.

The Lack of Faith Cure.

(Chicago Times.)
Do you believe in healing by touch?" asked Miss De Price.

"Indeed I do," replied De Blakes. "I met Tom Tightlips today limping along and coming to see me. He had been ill for a week and he skipped off as though he had never been ill a day in his life."

The Boarder's Ruse.

(Burlington Free Press.)
Now boarder—Why do you fellows always complain of Mrs. Tuftake's table? I think it is pretty good.

Old boarder—Well, so it is; but we have to do something to keep her prices down, you know.

Taking His Time.

(Chicago Post.)
You must be on your work on time," said the proprietor of the firm you are in.

"No, I was the only boy. The concern is in debt to me for three weeks' work now."

Sitting Down on Him.

(Chicago Post.)
Porrow—How are you feeling today, financially?

Cashby—Very poorly. Notable to stand on a loan.

If They Fall Together.

(Chicago Times.)
There is a desperate effort being made to organize a barbers' trust, but I doubt its success," remarked Truewit.

"Oh, I guess it will scrape through," said Bootby.

Under Another Name.

(Puck.)
Mrs. Joliet (on their first trip across)—Feel sick, Elot?

Mrs. Joliet—Not a mate; but I'm sufferin' terribly with that old dispespy of mine. It's just took me.

The Paying Teller Did Not Know Him.

(Hager's Bazaar.)
Teacher—Why did Cesar hesitate on the bank of the Rubicon?

Bad boy—Because he didn't have any bathing suit.

Ten She Put on a Frown.

(Cape Cod News.)
Said Anne to the Pave as she sat alone: "Come in, good boy, and look at the night skies And watch the horizon and see the moon rise." And Eve, "I'd be glad, as the night is so fair; but I really can't go, for the moon to wear."

AS THEY LIE DYING.

Nature's Preparations for the Death of the Devil's Tenant.

(Oliver Wendell Holmes.)
Most persons have died before they expire—died to all earthly longing, so that the last breath is only, as it were, the locking of the door of the already deserted mansion. The fact of the tranquility with which the great majority of dying men wait for death is a sure sign of the gates of life through which they are about to pass from the moment of their first cry is familiar to those who have been often called upon to witness the last period of life.

Almost always there is a preparation made by nature for unearthing a soul, just as there is a preparation for the removal of a milk tooth. The roots which hold human life to earth are absorbed before it is torn from its place.

Now the idea of which is inseparable in the universal mind from death, comes from the legend of the death angel, Rome, are strong in faith and hope, that they will be carried to the next world, they would fain hurry as the caravan moves faster over the sands when the foreboding traveler send word a little boy was dead.

Through each little part that follows in a foot track of its own, will it have that the water for which it thirsts, the sun for which it burns, the less it has been true in all ages and for human beings of every creed which recognized a future, that those who die in the desert, through which they pass through the desert, have dreamt at least of a river of life and thought they heard its murmur as they lay dying.

The Baby Was All Right.

(Kansas City Star.)
Aunt Minn was the colored nurse. She had brought in the baby, who could just sit alone, intending it to be praised and admired as all babies are. Seating it on a cushion, she hung over it with solicitous care and attention, until the white blouse and the hems of its untraced back in complete control, pitched north, south, east and west, after a fashion of citizens of the Capitol. It has a beautiful centre and looks as if it was derived from the

Old Washington at Buildings.

"But come out here," said Mr. Green; "and seat yourself, and I'll tell you what's the matter with the baby in the room."

"It is the way from his busy office, which was once a private dwelling, houses to the rear or east of the creel lot, and he said:

"Now, here is something you would not see at all if you had come here."

"What's that?" said Aunt Minn.

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DEATH AND A LIVING LOVE.

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD.

I had been absent about two months, two short months, since they seemed years.

Slowly and with inscrutable weariness I ascended the creaking, narrow old stairway to my office. Panning on the landing a moment for breath I glanced out through the dust-covered panes down upon the busy street beneath. A few streaks of bright July sunshine struggled through the window and fell upon the floor in long strips of dusky yellow light. Then it went on. It seemed that it had never taken a single step before to close these eight lights. Ah, but there were two more months, two months' respite. I reached my door, and the next moment I had turned the key and entered.

How dark everything seemed. I could scarcely see my hand before me, and moving cautiously along I reached the window and undid the shutters. A second the room was filled with light and I could look about me.

Yes, yes, the place is very much as I left it. It is the heavy antique book-case that had been my father's, and behind it's half-raised curtain I catch sight of the sombre volumes of his school. Above on a little shelf is an array of vials, the labels of which bear his handwriting. It was years since he placed them with his parting advice; and yet, it seems but yesterday, and now he is gone. On the other side of the room stands my desk, and through the glass of our modern school of medicine books, of the Stone church, of man and above, under an oval globe, is my microscope. How vividly I recall the day, but three years ago, when I had bought it with "my own" money, the first money that I had earned myself. As I look over the room a thousand recollections pass through my mind of things long gone by, a thousand forms and faces trod in endless confusion before my eyes. The room is desolate, and I stepped across the breadth that eiders at the window seem to vivify them, then it houses me and with a sigh I drop into a chair, and with my hands clasped before me my head sinks upon my breast, I remain motionless and in deep thought.

Suddenly I start. No, no, I heard nothing. It was only the leaves rustling among the trees outside my window, perhaps. And yet it did sound like a voice.

It is growing nearer and nearer, that rustle again, and at my door.

Slowly the door swings open and entered, yet I saw nothing, a strange feeling steals over me that penetrates through every fibre of my body, a feeling nameless, intense, unreal, and so strong, so real, so complete in its power. Now as I look up I start indeed.

"Ah, yes, you have come. You startled me. I did not know at first. Ah, you come to see if I have kept my promise. No fear of that. M'amie. Ha, ha, you shall see; you will see."

You must not love it, for it is mine now,

mine, and you no longer have any right to it.

No, no, you don't know it, for it is yours.

It is mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine,

mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine,

HOWARD'S LETTER.

A Chatty Lay Sermon on
"Over-Loving."

Good Advice to Husbands and Wives in
New England.

Scents and Perfumes—Shakers, Mor-
mons and Patriarchs.

New York, Sept. 6.—An extraordinary
writer in an extraordinary paper is per-
mitted to say in a column of advice to wives
"never make the mistake of over-loving
your husband." And further on argues that
"deceit at certain times is desirable." With-
out any desire to take notice of this indi-
vidual's effusions I cannot avoid taking as
a text the matrimonial condition.

A delicate ground?

Oh, yes; but over-loving is delicate, my
dear boy, but touches upon sentiment,
particularly if the hand of sentiment is in
the hard grip of fact. The world is filled
with men and women who are married; the
world is populated by men and women
who are married. Society is composed of
men and women who are married and the
end and aim and object of nine young
people in even ten is to enter the matrimonial
state.

The period of engagement is universally
known to be a time of bliss—the daily com-
ing of the two together is the one incident
of life. Plans are laid, programmes un-
veiled, the future discounted, everything
that is said, thought or done, looks forward
to that period when they are to live together
as man and wife.

Tell a young woman not to overlove
the young man to whom she has pledged
her heart's best affections, and she would
look at you with amazement.

Is such a thing possible? Can one over-
love? Can parents over-love their children?
I can see.

Some Cautions Old Men,

hardened by years of disappointment, deny-
ing the existence of any love at all, but I
cannot imagine a well-placed man whose
head is clear and whose heart is warm,
but quick; they detect the fading of
the earnest, zealous love, so acutely
they appreciate the faintest wavering from
the path of matrimonial rectitude on the
part of those who are to be their husbands.
Quick intuitions are theirs, and oh! how quickly they detect the fading
of the young man whom the house de-
rives. Its name was a lieutenant in Capt.
Samuel R. Trevett's company of artillery
during the revolution, and served with Gen.
Washington in many of the battles of the
campaign of the war. His daughter, who died
at an advanced age a few years ago, recollects
having been a monkey in the forests of Africa
or a horse panting in the summer heat, and shivering in the winter
blasts.

Advantages?

I should say so. What can you do too
much for your mother, for your wife, for
your sister, for your daughters? The ad-
vantages that women have are those of
head and heart. Quick intuitions are theirs,

and oh! how quickly they detect the fading
of the young man whom the house de-
rives. Its name was a lieutenant in Capt.
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at an advanced age a few years ago, recollects
having been a monkey in the forests of Africa
or a horse panting in the summer heat, and shivering in the winter
blasts.

All that is good in matrimony is brought
by the honest devotion, the unfeigned love,
the truthful behavior of the woman. We
see to him or her who scatters such mischievous
depersonalization about, and the ordinary
woman need not for the purpose
of a wrinkle on a winter evening at a splicing
bee or a sewing match, that such a con-
dition as over-love is among the remotest
contingencies even.

The writer who in a column of advice to
young women can make use of three such
sentences as these, "never make the mis-
take of over-loving your husband," "to be
sure a little deceit now and then is desir-
able," and a third, "always wear one per-
fume cannot be classed with the ordinary
woman of the age.

What is the word that cankers every root
domestic?

I don't believe it undermine confidence, and where
are you? Once let husband catch wife in
an evasion, let alone

A Director & P. von Lee,
and there is always thereafter a sense o
insecurity.

How about the husband, you ask?

Well, I know it isn't bad, but nevertheless
it is a fact that men and women are judged
totally differently. I believe it is es-
timated that those who are most popular,
even a reckless youth, may settle down into
an exemplary married man. Instances of
this are seen on every hand. We know in
our own experience that the things we did
when young in our school or college or
early mercantile training days, which we
relished and enjoyed, seem to us today ab-
horrent. We would no more follow certain
courses of life, which then seemed perfectly
natural, for they were full of fun and jollity
than pleasure, than we would
jump from the roof of a building, certain
of destruction awaiting us upon the ground.

But not girls?

No! I don't believe it possible for a girl to
be wild and dissipated, to smoke and drink,
to indulge in a thousand and one things
which boys and young men do and ever
settle down.

You do?

Can you give me an instance, an illustration
of a young woman who has followed
such a life, like a brother, and whose
brothers share the line of dissipation. I mean
in its full extent, settled down and be-
came a happy, virtuous, affectionate, truthful,
reliable wife and mother? So, whether we
like it or not we must admit facts which
are apparent to every man at family
with the goings-on of humanity, and the
fact is that many a man has received his
wife, has been faithless to his word and
his trust, and yet, to all intents and pur-
poses a good father, an affectionate hus-
band, and the world goes.

A Hotel Family M.—

For some inscrutable purpose, the great
power which sent us all here, made men
very different from women in their moral
structure.

There are thousands, yes, hundreds of
thousands of pure thinking men, thank
God, pure living, pure speaking, pure
thinking, yet not we care? Our duty is
to us, to our countrymen originally sound,
but not one of them has solved the great
problem, how shall the earth be honorably
populated? how shall responsibility be
equitably divided? how shall mankind be
made happier?

What may come a thousand years from
now, why bother about?

What may be evolved through the guid-
ing impulses of omniscience and omnipo-
tence, why not we care? Our duty is
to us, to our countrymen originally sound,
but the abolitionists were undaunted,
though without a home, toil and trouble,
they were of the same plucky stock as
the rest of us. There was no back
down to them.

Phillips was followed in the town by
Garrison, who was more moderate than he
was, but still very energetic and elo-
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